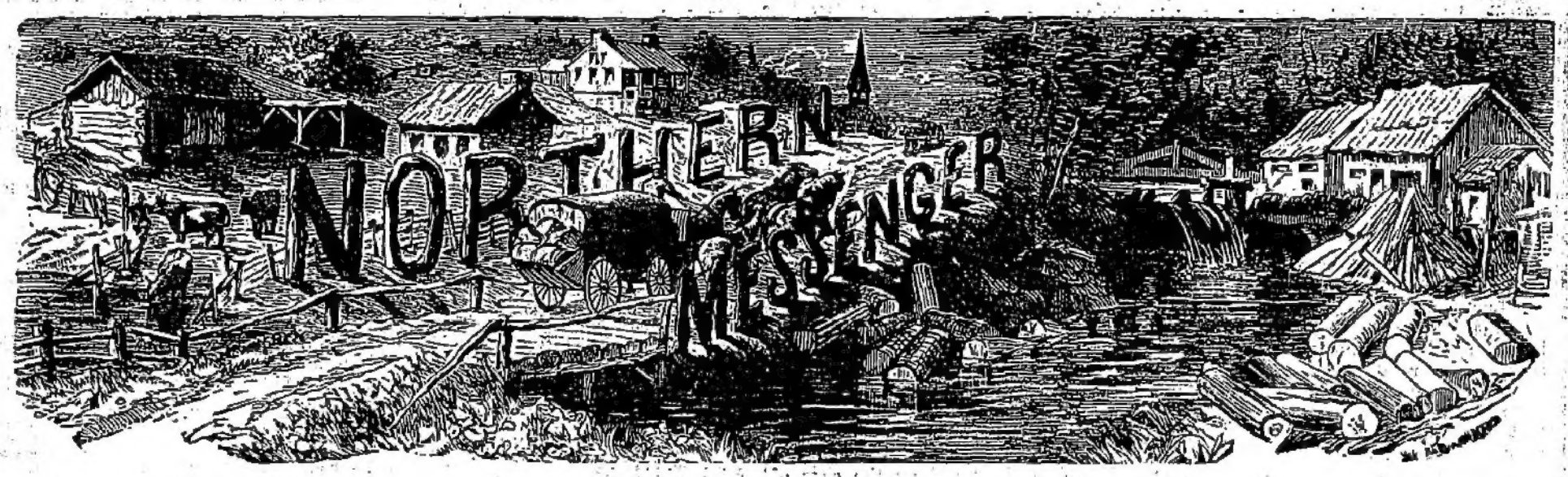

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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LESSONS FROM MILTON'S LIFE.

(From Archdeacon Farrar's Sermon.)

Take his youth. What a lesson is conveyed to the mental indolence of the mass of ordinary English boys by the ardor of this glorious young student, who, at the age of twelve, when he was at St. Paul's School, learned with such eagerness that he scarcely ever went to bed before midnight. He tells us that even in early years he took labor and intent study to be his portion in this life. While he could write Latin like a Roman, he had also mastered Greek, French, Italian, Syriac, and Hebrew.

Do not imagine that, therefore, he was some pallid student or stunted ascetic. On the contrary, he was a boy full of force and fire, full of self-control, eminently beautiful, eminently pure, a good fencer, an accomplished swordsman; and this young and holy student would probably have defeated in every manly exercise a dozen of the youths who have nothing to be proud of save their ignorance and their vices—the dissipated loungers and oglers at refreshment bars, who need perpetual glasses of ardent spirits to support their wasted energies. In him the sound body was the fair temple of a lovely soul. And even while we watch him as a youth we see the two chief secrets of his grandeur. The first was his exquisite purity. From earliest years he thought himself a fit person to do the noblest and godliest deeds and far better worth than to deject and debase by such a defilement as sin is, himself so highly ransomed and ennobled to friendship and filial relation with God. From the first he felt that every free and gentle spirit, even without the oath of knighthood, was born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spurs nor the laying a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms to protect the weakness of chastity.

From the first he cherished within himself a certain high fastidiousness and virginal delicacy of soul, an honest haughtiness of modest self-esteem, which made him shrink with the loathing of a youthful Joseph from coarse contaminations. He went to Christ's College, Cambridge, at the age of sixteen, and remained there seven years.

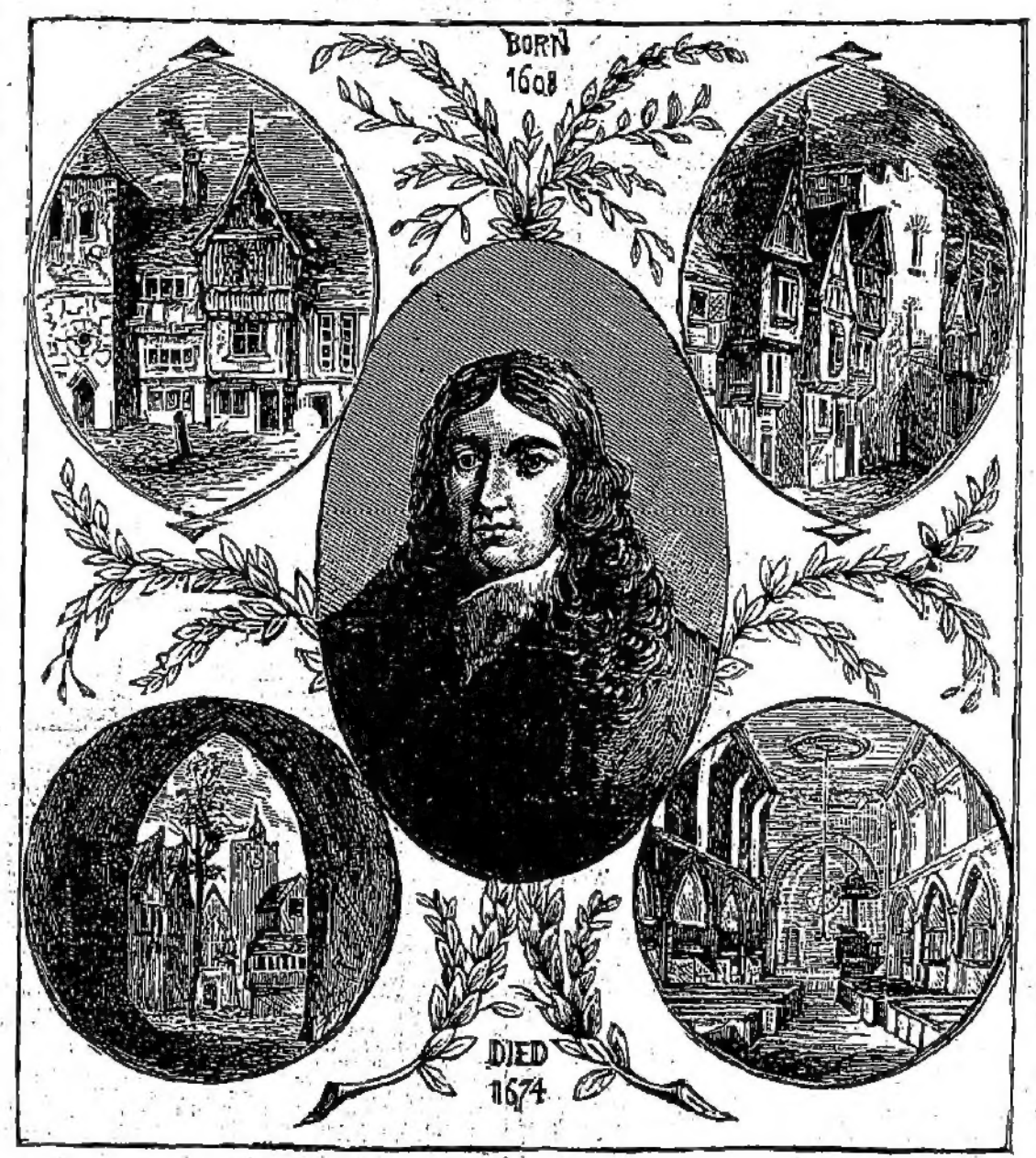
The vulgar soul rarely loves the noble, and it was Milton's stainless chastity, together with his personal beauty, which gained him the name of "the lady," until the dislike of his meaner fellows gave way before his moral nobleness and intellectual prominence. What he was at that time may be seen in his earliest lines on the death of a fair infant,

"Soft, silken primrose fading timelessly,"

written when he was but seventeen. What his thoughts were we learn also from those autobiographic passages of his writings in which, with a superb and ingenuous egotism, he put to shame the foul slanders of his enemies. "If," he said, "God ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine." It is in this purity of his ideal that he stands so far as a man above all that we know of Shakespeare. He could not because he would not have written much that Shakespeare wrote; still less would he have descended from that high place in which he sat with his garland and singing robes about him, to mingle with those other Elizabethan dramatists, who

"Stood around
The throne of Shakespeare, sturdy but unclean,"

and had the glorious young Puritan ever appeared as a boy at one of the drinking bouts and wit encounters at the Mermaid Tavern, and propounded his grave theory that he who would be a true poet must aim first to make his life a true poem, I think, with his biographer, that a blush may have passed over the swarthy cheek of Ben Jonson, and that Shakespeare might have bent his head to hide a noble tear. Austere he was; but his was neither the absorbed austerity of the scholar, nor the ostentatious austerity of the Pharisee nor the agonizing self-introspection of a monk, but the sweet a[illegible] of a hero and a sage.



JOHN MILTON.

And the other youthful germ of the greatness was his high steadfastness of purpose. Most men live only from hand to mouth. The bias of their life is prescribed to them by accident. They are driven hither and thither by the gusts of their own passions, or become the sport and prey of others, or entrust the decision of their course to the "immoral god, circumstance." In the words of Isaiah, "Gad and Meni are the idols of their service; they prepare a table for chance, and furnish a drink offering to Destiny." From such idols no inspiration comes. But Milton's mind, he tells us, was set wholly on the accomplishment of great designs. "You ask me, Charles,—of what I am thinking," he wrote to his young friend and school-fellow, Charles Diodati: "I think, so help me heaven, of immortality." He had early learned "to scorn delights, and live laborious days." His whole youth—the six years at school, the seven years at Cambridge, the five of studious retirement at Horton, were attuned as one long preparation for the right use of those abilities which he regarded as "the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed." He felt that he who would be a true poet ought himself to be a true poem. He meant that the great poem which even then he meditated should be drawn "neither from the heat of youth, nor the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist or the trencher fury of some rhyming parasite, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Poetry was not to him, as to the roystering town poets and love-poets and wit-poets of his times, the practice of a knack and the provision of an amusement; but he believed that the Holy Spirit to whom he devoutely prayed, could help him by means of his verse to inbreed and cherish in a great people the deeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate, in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's almightiness; ...to sing [illegible]us agonies of saints and martyrs, [illegible]ds and triumphs of just and pious

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nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable and grave, all these to paint and to describe.

And as one means to the evolution of the poem, his

"Care was fixed and zealously intent
To fill his odorous lamp with deeds of light
And hope that reaps not shame."

Puritan he was. Yet there was nothing sour or fanatical in his Puritanism. He loved music, he loved art, he loved science, he loved the drama. And in these years he wrote "Comus," which, amid its festal splendor and rural sweetness, is the loveliest poem ever written in praise of chastity; and "Lycidas," in which we first see that terrible two-handed engine at the door, and hear the first mutters of that storm which was to sweep so much away.

In 1638 Milton started on his travels. His travels were not filled with inanities and debaucheries, as were those of too many. In Paris he was introduced to the great Hugo Grotius; in Florence, to the "Starry Galileo;" in Naples, to the Marquis Manso, who had been the friend and patron of Tasso; at Rome his bold faithfulness brought him into peril. He had intended to proceed to Greece and Sicily, but the sad news of civil discord in England called him home. In those stern days men could not shilly-shally down the stream of popular compromise. They were forced to take a side, and Milton took his side against that which he regarded a feeble tyranny and ruthless priestcraft. "When God," he says, "commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous and jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal. I considered it dishonorable to be enjoying myself in foreign lands while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom." You may disapprove—you may honorably disapprove of the part he took. Remember only that on both sides in that great civil war in England were noble, righteous, and holy men; and that we, sitting in our arm-chairs, are hardly adequate to judge of the mighty issues of national life and death which were at stake in that tremendous conflict. Thus, then, ended the youth—the happy pure and noble youth—of Milton.

"YOU BROUGHT ME."

BY A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

Before me lie two letters and a photograph.

The latter is the "counterfeit presentment" of as happy and light-hearted a boy as ever blessed the world with his presence. It seems impossible that four years have passed into history since the sun caught that impression and kept it for me to linger over and wonder why God took him so early. In the study of the Sabbath-school lesson my eye would wander over the various "helps" in search of something to bring the central truth home to Herbert's mind and heart, and he was of such a responsive nature that he seemed to grasp an idea before it was fully brought out. He never tired of telling of the heroes he had met in books and at school, and his longings to emulate them. What a sad day that was to the class when the dread verdict, "scarlet fever," placed a great gulf between us. And sadder still were we all when we learned that death had again chosen a shining mark, and that Herbert had gone to sit at the feet of the Great Teacher.

The first and neatly-written letter reads: "I believe you led my boy to Christ. I have just read a little poem about a lad named 'Jim' looking through the gate of heaven for his mother whom he had left behind. You have no idea how it has comforted me, coming the same day as your letter. But I think my dear boy will be looking for you, too."

Since the foregoing was written and received changes have occurred and I find myself in charge of another class of boys. I do not recall those memories because they have been forgotten these four years, for such has not been the case. They have served to mould a character praised beyond its deserts and to soften a temper not yet thoroughly controlled. They are brought out to-night because of the presence of the second letter, written in a cramped, boyish hand, blurred and in a soiled envelope. Left by the postman this afternoon, it comes like a benediction after a day of physical and mental toil. The members of the family at home when it arrives wonder who could have written it. But I take it with me into a place apart—into an "upper room." I know it is from Charlie. He told me last Sabbath that he is going to try to be a Christian, and I have an idea that he has written something to me about it. Maybe it is something demanding an immediate answer—a cry for help.

Charlie was, at first, the most unpromising boy in the class. In fact, giving it up altogether was at one time thought of because he was a disturbing factor. But having served at one time on a committee for the supply of teachers, and knowing the fewness of the laborers, I had borne with him—not at all meekly—hoping for a change. I had written him a letter several weeks before about making the class of better reputation than it had previously enjoyed, and the result was apparent in a better behaviour on his part. And now Charlie had written to me.

"Dear teacher," the letter runs, "I have thought the matter over as you said last Sunday I should. I read the verses you marked, too. But I don't think I will wait three months, as you say, though: I want to join the church next communion. You say I have an influence over the boys in the class, and ought to try to get them to come, too. I don't know about it but I will see what I can do. I can't draw like you. You, I guess, will have to get them as you brought me."

I have heard Sabbath-school teachers insist that their work, especially with boys, was all a failure; I have heard them declare they would "have to give up that class," or "change the membership of this one," and so I have recalled the memory of one boy in heaven and recounted my experience with another just about to enter the King's church militant. As I have said, the case of the latter was very unpromising. But one letter, humanly speaking, was what "brought him" to a sense of his misbehavior in the sight of man, and the Holy Spirit awakened him to a sense of his condition in God's sight. He will need great care and nurture in the Church, as Satan will be only too ready to sift him. But life is before him. He is a living trophy of which any teacher may be rightly proud.

Many teachers the world over can recall similar experiences. Somebody brought Dwight L. Moody to Christ. I have often wondered if the human instrument of that work is living and what he or she thinks of the result. Think of Andrew's feeling on the day when Peter preached with such marvellous power, as he remembered that he had brought his impetuous brother to the Lamb of God! And who but the Father himself can recall the work of the pastoral office in the world's broad field of Christian work!

Then, teachers of the Sabbath-school, let us be true to our vows, our opportunities, our influence. I have given the account of two real boys and I know that you might likewise write could you know even as ye are known. "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

"A POOR, USELESS OLD WOMAN LIKE ME!"

A lady worker at a Widows' Class said to one seventy-two years of age:—

"Well, Mrs. C——, have you been getting a bit out of the good old Book to-day? What have you been reading?"

"Wait a bit, my memory is bad, but I'll tell you directly."

After thinking a minute, she said—"'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;' that's where it says, 'my cup runneth over.'"

"Does your cup run over?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! though I often don't know where my next meal is to come from, my Father sends it when I want it. When I think of him, I wonder he should care for a poor, useless old woman like me."

At another time she said—"I have been reading about how the Lord was crucified and rose again for me. It seems almost too good to be true. For me, so unworthy. I think so much about it, how the Creator and Preserver of us all should have been crucified; but he rose again, that is the beauty of it. They could not keep him in the grave, and they cannot touch him again."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 7.

THE COMMISSION OF JOSHUA.—Josh. 1: 1-9.

COMMIT VERSES 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness.—Eph. 6: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Trust in God, courage, and obedience, according to his Word, are the conditions of a truly successful life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Josh. 1: 1-18.
T. Deut. 28: 1-20.
W. Deut. 28: 45-18, 58-67.
Th. Deut. 29: 1-29.
F. Deut. 30: 1-20.
Sa. Ps. 24: 1-10.
Su. Prov. 3: 1-18.

THE LIFE OF JOSHUA.—1. *His name.* Originally Oshea, or Hoshea (*help*). Moses changed it to Jehoshua (*the help or salvation of Jehovah*). In Greek the name became *Jesus.* 2. *His ancestry.* He was of the tribe of Ephraim, the eighteenth generation. His father's name was Nun, and his grandfather was Elishama, the head of the tribe. 3. *His birth.* He was born in Goshen in Egypt, about B.C. 1534, so that he was about 83 or 84 years old at this time. 4. *His history.* He was probably born a slave to Pharaoh. He was about 43 years old at the time of the Exodus. Moses made him a general of the army, and his prime minister or chief aid. He died after the conquest at the age of 110. 5. *His character.* He was distinguished (1) for courage; (2) for his generalship—keen observation and quick movements; (3) for his faith in God; (4) for his humility.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Moses had brought the children of Israel to the borders of the Promised Land. There he died on Mount Pisgah, that rose behind the encampment, about the last of February, 1451 B.C., aged 120. For thirty days the people mourned him. Then God called Joshua to go forward and possess the Promised Land.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

2. *Go over this Jordan:* which lay before them. Its name means *descender*, from its rapid current. Usually it was about 80 to 150 feet wide, and 3 to 10 deep. Now it was swollen by the spring rains, and was 1,200 feet wide and quite deep. 4. *The wilderness:* the desert of Arabia Petræa on the south; *Lebanon*, the high mountains, on the north, 10,000 feet high. *The Euphrates:* 1,700 miles long, on the east. *The land of the Hittites:* descendants of Heth, the second son of Canaan. At one time they were a great nation, extending over this region. *The great sea:* the Mediterranean, their western border. This region was about 140 miles from north to south, and 400 from east to west. Only in the time of David and Solomon did they possess it all. But they might have held it all the time. The Promised Land is a type of heaven, and of a holy, happy, restful life here. 7. *All the law:* contained in the five books of Moses. 8. *This book:* he was (1) to teach it; (2) to study it; (3) to obey it; (4) the result would be prosperity.

SUBJECT: SUCCESS IN LIFE, AND THE WAY TO ATTAIN IT.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE GREAT OBJECT TO BE OBTAINED (vs. 1-4.)—How is this Promised Land a type of heaven to us? (Heb. 4: 9; 11: 13-16.) How is it a type also of heavenly blessings and experiences on earth? (John 1: 12; 3: 16; 6: 40: Deut. 28: 2-6.) What in your opinion makes a truly successful life?

II. THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE WAY (v. 3).—What condition was attached to the promise? Is this true of the blessings God promises? Why? What were some of the difficulties and dangers in the way of taking possession of the land? (Num. 13: 28-33). What are some of the difficulties in the way of our obtaining holiness and heaven? (Eph. 6: 12, 16; Jas. 1: 2, 14, 15; Gal. 5: 17-21.) What keeps people from being successful in life?

III. THE CONDITIONS OF TRUE SUCCESS (vs. 5-9).—1. *God's presence with us* (vs. 5, 9). What promise did God make Joshua? What would be the effect of God's presence? How may we have his presence? Why are those who have God with them able to overcome all enemies?

2. *Courage* (vs. 6, 9). What two things did God command Joshua to be? How many times is the command repeated in this lesson? Why would he need courage? What would give him courage? (v. 6.) What need have we of courage? How may we obtain it?

3. *Obedience to God* (vs. 7, 8.) What was the next condition of success? How many times is this repeated? What would be the result? Why does true success depend on obedience to God? Are not some wicked men successful? Do they ever have the highest success? What promises did God make to obedience? (Deut. 28: 1-14.) What threats against disobedience? (Deut. 28: 15-19, 45-48.) Give illustrations of the truth of these from the history of the Israelites.

4. *Study of God's Word* (v. 8.) How much of our Bible did Joshua have? What three things was he required to do with it? Give some reasons why we should study God's Word? What is the difference between reading it and studying it? How does the study of the Bible bring prosperity and success?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—How do we know it is right to apply these Old Testament histories to our circumstances? (1 Cor. 10: 11; Heb. 11: 13-16.) What kept many in those ancient days from entering their Promised Land? (Heb. 3: 10, 11.) What warning is given to us? (Heb. 4: 1.) What is said about obedience? (1 John 5: 2-4.) What about the study of God's Word? (John 17: 17; Acts 17: 11; 2 Tim. 3: 12; 2 Pet. 1: 18; 19.)

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 14.

CROSSING THE JORDAN.—Josh. 3: 5-17.

COMMIT VERSES 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43: 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should take the decisive step into the promised land of the Christian life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Josh. 2: 1-24.
T. Josh. 3: 1-17.
W. Isa. 43: 1-26.
Th. Ps. 114: 1-31.
F. Ex. 14: 1-8.
Sa. Ex. 15: 1-19.
Su. Ps. 107: 1-21.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The time had come for the Israelites to take possession of the land promised to them. Two tribes and a half had chosen their portions in the rich lands east of the Jordan, but their soldiers were to help the others conquer Canaan. The people in Canaan must have felt safe with the impassable Jordan for a defence. Joshua now called the people to take decisive action, and enter their long-expected home.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

5. *Sanctify:* i. e., make holy, prepare your hearts, and go through the prescribed ceremonies of purification. 6. *Ark of the covenant:* an oblong box of shittim (*i. e.*, acacia) wood, covered with gold. It was 4 feet 4½ inches long, by 2 feet 7½ inches broad and high. Over it was the mercy-seat with the cherubim. It was called *the ark of the covenant* because it contained the tables of stone with the ten commandments on them, which were God's covenant with man. 10. *Canaanites:* "lowlanders," descendants of Canaan, on the lowlands by the coast and by Jordan. The other tribes were also descendants of Canaan, and were sometimes included under the name *Hittites*, descendants of Heth, second son of Canaan,—near Hebron. *Hivites:* near Mount Hermon. *Perizzites* (rustics): in the south and west of Carmel. *Gergashites:* a family of Hivites, east of the Sea of Galilee. *Amorites:* mountaineers on the heights west of the Dead Sea. *Jebusites:* a mountain tribe holding the site of Jerusalem. 15. *Jordan overfloweth his banks:* in the *harvest*, *i. e.*, the barley harvest, the Jordan is full and deep and wide. They crossed at this time because no enemy would await them on the other side, it being impossible for any army to cross. 16. *The waters, etc.:* the waters were cut off at Adam, near Zaretan, which was probably at Kurnâ Sartabeh, 17 miles above Jericho. All below that the river-bed was dry. The priests with the ark stood in the midst of the river, 2,000 cubits, ⅘ of a mile, above, while the people crossed.

SUBJECT: THE NEW START IN LIFE.

QUESTIONS.

I. PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEW START (v. 5.)—What was the first act of preparation? (1: 10, 11.) What was the second measure? (2: 1.) Give an account of the excursion of the spies? How long were they gone? What was the third act of preparation? (3: 1.) What was the fourth? (v. 5.) Meaning of sanctify? How were they to sanctify themselves? (Ex. 19: 10; Lev. 20: 7, 8.) Was this a spiritual preparation? Were any of their ceremonies to be mere forms? (Deut. 26: 16; Isa. 58: 6, 7.)

APPLICATIONS.—Do we need special preparations for any new advance in life, temporal or spiritual? Who has reported to us what is before us in the Christian life? In what ways? Is the way to further good to do the duties and take the steps immediately before us? What is it to sanctify ourselves? What preparation like this must we make? (Ps. 51: 10; John 3: 3, 5.)

II. INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE NEW START (vs. 6-13).—What instructions did Joshua give to the priests? (vs. 6, 8.) What was the ark? Where was it to be carried? How far in advance? (Josh. 3: 4.) Why? What are we taught by this symbol of God's presence going in advance? (Isa. 41: 10; 43: 1, 3.) What message did the Lord give Joshua? How did the crossing of Jordan magnify Joshua? Would this strengthen his position as leader? Would that make the people stronger to conquer? What instructions did Joshua give to the people? What nations were to be driven out of Canaan? How were the Israelites to know that they could do this great work? How would the drying up of Jordan prove it? Give an example of David's experience. (1 Sam. 17: 32-37.) For what purpose were twelve men chosen? (4: 2-7.)

APPLICATIONS.—Do we need continual instruction? Should religion be first in our lives? Do God's wonderful works in revivals and conversions magnify his church? Do they give us faith to go forward on his work?

III. THE DECISIVE STEP (vs. 14-17).—What time of the year was it now? (Josh. 4: 19.) What was the state of the Jordan at this time? How many people were there to cross? (Num. 26: 2, 51.) Why did they cross at such a time? Who entered the Jordan first? What happened as soon as they touched the water? How far up was the water stopped? Where did the ark remain while the people were crossing? (Josh. 4: 10.) What was the object of this great miracle? (v. 7; v. 10; chap. 4: 21.)

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What is the most decisive step in our lives? (John 3: 3, 5.) What is the Jordan to be crossed? (Luke 13: 3; Acts 2: 38; Rom 12: 1.) Is every conversion as wonderful an act of God as this passage of Jordan? In what respects is death like this Jordan? (2 Cor. 5: 1, 8; Phil 1: 23; Luke 23: 43.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter, 1883.)

1. Oct. 7.—The Commission of Joshua.—Josh. 1: 1-9.
2. Oct. 14.—Crossing the Jordan.—Josh. 3: 5-17.
3. Oct. 21.—The Stones of Memorial.—Josh. 4: 10-24.
4. Oct. 28.—The Fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6: 1-16.
5. Nov. 4.—Defeat at Ai.—Josh. 7: 1-12.
6. Nov. 11.—Caleb's Inheritance.—Josh. 14: 5-15.
7. Nov. 18.—Helping One Another.—Josh. 21: 43-45 and 22: 1-9.
8. Nov. 25.—The Covenant Renewed.—Josh. 24: 19-28.
9. Dec. 2.—Israel under Judges.—Judg. 2: 11-23.
10. Dec. 9.—Gideon's Army.—Judg. 7: 1-8.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SOME SIMPLE AND SWEET-DISHES.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, CREAMS, ETC.

There are many easily-made sweet dishes which will supply sugar to the system and go far toward satisfying the appetite for candy, which, if eaten surreptitiously and between meals, tends to destroy the teeth and to upset the stomach. These dishes also help to give that pleasing variety which tends to aid the digestion of the philosopher as well as the child.

One which commends itself to all is made by putting a quart of sweet milk into an earthen pudding-dish. To this add a small teacupful of rice, which has been well looked over and washed, a small saltspoonful of salt, two large tablespoonfuls of sugar, and vanilla to the taste. Set into a moderate oven for two hours, remove the scum which rises, and the result will be a dish of rich jelly or pudding which is simply delicious. This may be eaten with sauce or without. Happy is the woman who is able to add to all such dishes the luxury of whipped cream; it is the sauce par excellence.

Another easily-made pudding is made by heating one quart of milk to the boiling-point. Mix four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch with a little cold milk (not taken from the quart), add a large pinch of salt, stir into the milk, and let it cook, stirring it constantly until it is thick. Then set it on the back part of the stove, and add to it two or three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate; stir this well, and flavor delicately with vanilla. No positive and invariable rule can be given for flavoring because the extracts vary so greatly in strength. Wet some pretty-shaped cups with cold water, pour the mixture into them, and let them get cold. In summer set them for a little while on ice. Just before serving, turn them carefully out upon shallow saucers. Sweetened cream, or sugar and milk alone, may be mixed in a pretty pitcher and be passed to each one.

These children's favorites may be varied in many ways: First, by leaving out the chocolate and putting in the bottom of the cup a spoonful of jam, half a peach or pear, or two or three plums with the pits removed. In the season of fresh fruits any kind may be used; or currant jelly may be beaten into the pudding, or the juice of canned fruit, which every economist saves, may be used to color and flavor the pudding.

Another dish which is delighted in by all children who have tasted it, and which recommends itself to heads of hungry households when eggs are thirty cents per dozen, is somewhat deceptively called "ice-cream." Any one who has the care of boys and girls knows what a charm that name possesses and what an important part it plays in their festivities.

To make this toothsome substitute, take three pints of rich milk, add four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch to it, and cook as if it were a corn-starch pudding; sweeten and flavor to your taste. Then add (after it is cooked and cold) a pint of cream; beat this into it, and if then it is not quite the constituency of custard, which it ought to be, add a little more cream or milk. Then freeze it, stirring it just as you do ordinary cream.

Bread puddings may be varied by the addition of cocoanut. A cupful of freshly-grated cocoanut, or of the best desiccated, is a sufficient allowance for a quart pudding.

Mothers sometimes take high ground on the cake question; and this is well. Still a piece of light (and not too rich) cake may sometimes be eaten without harm resulting. It is a fact, easily verified, that children who are supplied with an abundance of fruit are not great lovers of cake and cookies.

A plain cake is made palatable in this way: Bake in two layers: spread frosting between the layers (a thin coating of it): on the top of the cake put little pieces of orange, (the sweeter the better), and over these your frosting. A good rule to follow in making the cake is one cupful of sugar, a small half cupful of butter, two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk, one egg, two cupfuls of flour, and two scant tablespoonfuls of baking-powder; or, in the place of one egg, use the yolks of two beaten very light, and use the whites for the frosting.

A delicious cake is arranged thus: make the cake after any good rule for layer cake, of which every woman is supposed to have a favorite. Then take half a pint of sweet cream, four dessertspoonfuls of granulated sugar, and about one teaspoonful of vanilla; beat all together in a bowl with an egg-beater until it is as thick as custard. The cake must be perfectly cold, or the cream will melt and "run." You can test the cream to see if it is beaten enough by taking a little on a spoon and holding it up; if the cream does not drop off at once, it is the proper thickness. Of course a cake like this must be eaten while it is fresh, and, as a matter of fact, it always is.—*Emma W. Babcock, in Good Housekeeping.*

FOR OVER-WORKED MOTHERS.

I would suggest, first, that every over-worked mother look closely into the ways of her household to see if there are not some places where her duties might be rendered more simple and easy. Let us take the cooking first. Is it right or best that two-thirds of a mother's time and thought should be spent over the cook stove, or in thinking or planning about what her family shall eat? Perhaps a little time and rest can be gained here to be devoted to higher purposes. I advise no abrupt changes. It is right and best that all be well fed on plenty of good nourishing food. I know a family where the little mother has worked wonders in her quiet way. It is a large family, too, of eight romping boys and girls from seventeen or eighteen down to the wee toddler who is the joy of the household. With a careless, selfish husband, who though he loved his family dearly, allowed his business to take his best energies from it, she had little help toward her work of home building, and the constant care of little children. The never-ceasing round of duties discouraged her often, yet in one respect she conquered. By patience, by getting her children to help her, she succeeded; and now she is often found reading or taking the little bits of "rest hours" with her wee ones. Some of her plans, although meeting her needs, were not the best, and I will mention her method of cooking only. First, she discarded pie, cake, and all dishes taking great labor, or time and expense to produce, and furnished them only as luxuries. Each child from the baby up had its birthday celebrated by the mother making a birthday cake; and there was an extra dish prepared each Saturday for the Sabbath dinner. On other days the programme was for breakfast: Graham or oatmeal pudding, with, perhaps baked potatoes, bread, butter and fruit. Dinner's main dish was meat with some vegetable, while the supper was a mere lunch of oatmeal with cream and sugar, bread, butter, and some easily prepared sauce. Of course, there were variations. Her children are seldom sick, and now that the older ones understand and approve of her wisdom, her hardest battle is over. Her plan has these advantages: It does not make an all-absorbing question of the matter of eating; while at the same time it furnishes abundant quantities of healthful, appetizing food. There is less danger of children over-eating when less variety is before them. Children are more easily governed and directed in right ways, when free from the effects of rich or stimulating food; when not irritable from disturbed digestion. It gives the mother more leisure to turn elsewhere, besides freeing her mind from much care. I was in her closet which she had filled up for a store room, one day, and she showed me a row or two of three and four gallon jars, and then said:

"I store all my dried corn, beans, tomatoes, dried fruit and eatables of that kind here, and when I see what I have I make out a programme for the week, having such a vegetable on the same day of each week, together with such fruits and side dishes. This makes a constant variety and saves much thought, for I soon get it learned by heart and do not have to think." Some could not follow this plan fully, for many have not provisions furnished them ahead; but perhaps they can get some hints from it.

Another aid toward helping us to bear our burdens cheerfully and to master them is the giving up of the idea that this great, grand world of ours will stop unless we succeed in getting every mite of work done after a stereotyped fashion. Better let the boys and girls sleep between sheets sweet and clean from being folded right in from the sunshine, and to let them rub their rosy cheeks upon neatly folded towels which have not been ironed, than to have them remember mother only as a tired, fretful, over-worked woman, old before her time, who never found leisure to talk, walk or ride with them; and who could take no interest in their books or companions because she was acquainted with neither. Where there is a large family, or even one with four children in it, the mother, though too poor to hire help, ought not to be many years without it. Let each member learn to carry some portion of the common burden, and it is surprising how it becomes lightened. Here is a plan copied from the life of a friend who has a family of four to do for and sometimes six, besides herself,—who keeps several cows—tends a poultry yard and a kitchen garden in summer, and her work runs smoothly at most times. She prepares breakfast herself, and, while doing so, one child of ten cleans and fills the lamps, does the chamber work, opens beds, windows, and puts the sitting-room in order. Another is taught to skim and strain the milk, feed the chickens and do such chores. After breakfast, they join in washing the breakfast dishes and sweeping kitchen and pantry, while the mother goes to the main business of the day. Let each little one, from the cradle up, be taught that the truest happiness is gained by living for others. Let it go from one task to another, with the feeling that it grows in nobility as it learns to successfully perform them, and with the sure knowledge gained from loving lips, that it is a comfort and blessing to you. As they grow older, teach them still greater mysteries of housework, and you will find they will not care to shirk and throw back upon your shoulders work they can feel pride and pleasure in performing.

Time can be gained by economizing in sewing; drop some of the ruffles and tucks from the little everyday garments, and put the strength saved into tender loving smiles and cheerful words. Teach each child, as soon as possible, to help keep in repair its own wardrobe.—*Household.*

DARNING AND PATCHING.

To darn well, select the number of thread or silk best suited to the material, and use the finest needle that will carry it. The edges of splits and tears must first be caught lightly together with long basting stitches that can easily be cut and drawn out when the darning is done. This prevents one edge stretching more than the other. Run the needle from the darner in very small stitches in and out its whole length before drawing through; then towards the darner in the same way, and so on, backwards and forwards till the length of the tear is covered. Tears are apt to be three-cornered. Begin such in the centre to make the point fit even, and darn toward each end. All darning of this character is done in the same way, but the finer the material the finer must be the needle and cotton.

In darning much worn material, baste under the split a piece of the same goods and darn the two together. In all cases it strengthens to darn upon another piece, but does not make so smooth a darn. A ragged tear must have always a piece put under it. Ravellings of the same are best for darning flannels or dress goods, and if the mend is dampened and pressed with a hot iron it is almost unnoticeable. Tears in cloth darned upon the wrong side, the stitches run upon the surface, not going through, scarcely show upon the right side. In lined articles the darning must, of course, be done upon the right side.

All tears must be darned before washing. If the edges are once stiffened by wetting and drying they can never be mended neatly.

To darn a hole in a stocking begin with as long a strand of cotton as can be easily managed, and a long, slim needle. Pass the needle back and forth across one way, letting each long stitch lie close to the one next it, and running the needle a little beyond the edge of the hole for greater strength, being careful not to draw the cotton tight enough to pucker. When the hole is covered, cross the other way, taking on the needle every other stitch of those in the first crossing. When finished you have a neat, strong basket work; neither a wide checker work that can be seen through, nor a thick, uneven surface that hurts the foot. After mending the holes the thin places in stockings should be run thickly, backwards and forwards with needle and cotton to prevent breaking. In darning toes and heels it is helpful to darn upon a china egg, but in other parts of the stocking a flatter darn is made by using only the hand. To darn woollen stockings wool must be used. For cotton stockings a French darning cotton, that comes in small, soft balls, is superior to that bought upon cards. It runs through several numbers, is fine and smooth, and keeps its color well.

Holes in garments or house-linen must be patched. To patch, baste a square of the same material under the hole, cut the edges of the hole even, turn under, and hem in small stitches neatly down to the patch. Then turn the edges of the patch and hem down upon the garment. This finishes both sides neatly. If the garment patched is figured or striped, the figures and stripes must be made to match in putting in the patch. Cloth is too heavy usually to turn the edges in patching. The edges of the patch must be run in small stitches upon the wrong side and the edges of the hole darned down closely on the right side.—*Good Housekeeping.*

OVERWORRY.

We are inclined to think that in nine out of ten cases of sickness or insanity or death which we lay to overwork ought to be laid to over worry. Our theory is borne out by the report that comes from the great insane hospital at Westboro', where out of one hundred and eighty cases only nineteen are laid at the door of overwork. If overwork has slain its thousands, overworry has slain its tens of thousands. —*Golden Rule.*

PUZZLES.—No. 20.

CHARADE.

First up your hair, good solver now,
Second ringlets back from your brow;
Third this puzzle with all your might;
Fourth, sir, would no'er give up the fight
Then struggle *fifth*, with firm resolve
That you this mystic *whole* will solve.

CHAIR PUZZLE.

Seat of chair—word square: 1. merit; 2. tropical plant; 3. slender sticks; 4. a warm, close habitation.

Left side of back, a piece of furniture.
Right side, a sign.
Top, to negotiate.
Middle of back, a color.
Left front leg, a male relative.
Left back leg, parts of the head.
Right front leg, to prosper.
Right back leg a noted philosopher.

PLANTS.

Plant two pins, and what will come up?
Plant sawdust, and what will come up?
Plant a sceptre, and what will come up?

ACROSTIC.

Find in the initials of the flowers referred to in the following quotations the name of the principal flower the old English people used for decorations in their May-day festivities.

1. "Thou may'st be met on each open moor."
2. In poet's fable—the flower that sprung from the blood of Adonis.
3. "——Shed its fragrance as it clung,
And waved in wild luxuriance o'er the stone,
Chafed by the storms of ages."
4. "But what's the wit, pri'thee, of yonder——?"
"You may read there the wit of a young courtier,
Pride and show of colors, a fair promising,
Dear when 'tis bought, and quickly comes to nothing."
5. "Dancing, and waving, and ringing in glee,
Over the moorland, and over the lea."
6. The emblem of domestic prosperity.
7. A flower that, among some nations, was anciently suspended from the ceiling where secret meetings were held.
8. In poetic fable—a flower named for a youth:
"That was a fair boy, certain, but a fool
To love himself."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 19.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.—Ally, lyre, rest, stop, opal.

CONUNDRUMS.—Because "two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head."

WORD LADDER.—Personification, Trigonometrical. Emir, slug, noon, film, chit, Turi, olla.

BURIED WORDS.—6, night—knight; 7, stare—stair; 8, borne—bourn, 9, your—ewer; 10, berth—birth; 11, forth—fourth.

The Family Circle.

UNRETURNING.

Three things never come again:
Snow may vanish from the plain;
Blossoms from the dewy sod,
Verdure from the broken clod,
Water from the river's bed,
Forests from the mountain's head,
Night may brighten into day,
Soon in midnight fade away.
Yet the snow shall come once more
When the winter's tempests roar.
Blossoms each returning spring
In her laden arms shall bring.
Grass be green where ploughshares run,
Rivers flash in autumn's sun.
Time shall bid the forests grow,
Noon and midnight come and go.
But though all the soul complain,
Three things shall not come again.

Never to the bow that bends
Comes the arrow that it sends;
Spent in space, its airy flight
Vanishes like lost delight.
When with rapid aim it sprang
From the bowstring's shivering twang,
Straight to brain or heart it fled,
Once for all its course was sped.
No wild wail upon its track
Brings the barb of vengeance back.
Hold thy hand before it go;
Pause beside the bended bow;
Hurtled once across the plain,
No spent arrow comes again.

Never comes the chance that passed;
That one moment was its last
Though thy life upon it hung,
Though thy death beneath it swung.
If thy future all the way
Now in darkness goes astray,
When the instant born of fate
Passes through the golden gate;
When the hour, but not the man,
Comes and goes from Nature's plan,
Never more its countenance
Beams upon thy slow advance.
Never more that time shall be
Burden bearer unto thee.
Weep and search o'er land and main,
Lost chance never comes again.

Never shall thy spoken word
Be again unsaid, unheard,
Well its work the utterance wrought,
Woe or weal, whate'er it brought:
Once for all the rune is read,
Once for all the judgment said,
Though it pierced a poisoned spear
Through the soul thou holdest dear,
Though it quiver fierce and deep,
Through some stainless spirit's sleep;
Idle, vain, the flying string
That a passing rage might bring.
Speech shall give it fangs of steel,
Utterance all its barb reveal.

Give thy tears of blood and fire;
Pray with pangs of mad desire;
Offer life, and soul and all,
That one sentence to recall.
Wrestle with its fatal wrath,
Chase with flying feet its path,
Rue it all thy lingering days,
Hide it deep with love and praise;
Once for all thy word is sped.
None invade it but the dead.
All thy travail will be vain—
Spoken words come not again!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.—

THE YOUNG JOCKEY.

BY REV. W. HASLAM.

Sitting in my vestry one morning to receive any person who desired to call upon me for conversation or inquiry, I heard a knock at the door. "Come in," I said. Who should appear but a young man whom I had observed for several Sundays in the congregation. I bade him enter, take a seat, and tell me his business.

"If you please, sir," he said, "I should like to become a communicant."

"Very well," I replied; "tell me something about yourself. I have seen you in church several times; and I think I heard you singing heartily."

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I am fond of singing, and now I love to sing the praises of God."

"That is right. 'It is a good thing to give thanks, and to sing praises to our God.' Were you always fond of such kind of singing?"

"Oh, no, sir, I am sorry to say, not by any means. I used to sing jocular, comic songs, and keep people in roars of laughter."

"Where was it that you used to sing like this?" I inquired.

"Oh, in the 'servants' hall, sir,' in different places; sometimes at the hotels, you know, and at the bar."

"What made you change from that?" I asked.

"I will tell you, sir. I got thrown from a horse, you know, and broke my leg very bad. I am a light weight," looking at his own slim figure, "and my master, Lord ——, said I was bold and likely, so he got me to ride his horses at races in different parts of the country. I have often had bad falls, but last time I came down a regular cropper. They thought I was dead; but when I came to, they found it was only my leg that was broken. I was much hurt inside as well. They did all they could for me; and at last brought me to the hospital. Master was very sorry, and came to see me more than once there.

"After lying for six weeks, sometimes suffering a good deal, I began to get better, at least I thought so, and the doctor said so too. Still I had strains, and every now and then severe pains inside. The doctor did not take much account of this; but I couldn't help a-thinking that perhaps I should die in that hospital.

"One night the chaplain came to my bed-side at nine o'clock, and talked very kindly to me. He wanted me to take the communion; but I was afraid to do that! 'My poor fellow,' he said, 'I am sorry to have to tell you, that you will die to-night. The doctor has sent me to break this solemn news to you. May God have mercy upon your soul!

"'I was struck all of a heap; my worst fears were come to pass. The pain in my poor chest was so bad, too. I was in the greatest distress. Then the nurse came, and put a screen round my bed. I thought, 'It is all up with me!' Dear me! it makes me feel quite bad again, even to tell it. What a night I had of it! The hours passed very slowly, and every time I heard the clock strike, I thought to myself, 'Is this the last time I shall ever hear it? Then I shall lie down in the ground, and the clock will go on striking, and I never hear it!'

"How I did long to send for mother. What a bad, wicked boy I had been! She gave me good advice, and I never followed it. I knew better than I was doing. I knew that I was going wrong, and that my master was going wrong too.

"When the daylight began to show at the hospital window, I looked about, and over the top of the screen I could see a text. When there was light enough, I read, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'

"'Ah,' I said to myself, 'I used to know and say that text. Oh, if I had come to Jesus when I was young!' Then the pain came back again very bad indeed. I said, 'O Lord, don't take me away to die. I will come to Thee. Do have mercy upon my soul, and spare me a little longer. Thou didst shed thy blood for me.' I went on something like this, till at last my burden and sorrow went away. I felt happy. I felt as if I did not care now if the Lord did take me away to die; I should be with Him.

"Soon after the nurse came, and felt my pulse; then she looked at me and said, 'Well, I don't think you want this screen. You are better!'

"'I am,' I said, 'I am better; my soul is better, anyhow.' Then the doctor came round, and there was a whispering with the nurse. 'Oh, no,' I heard the doctor say. 'It is quite a mistake. I meant the poor man upstairs, he died at three this morning.'

"After this he stepped up to the bed-side and examined me. He said, 'I think we will get you up to-day. You must be careful, you know, about that leg; mind you don't break it again.'

"I inquired, 'Did the chaplain make a mistake, then?'

"Yes, he said it was not me at all, who was to die that night, it was another man. But the fright the chaplain put me in was the saving of my soul, praise the Lord.

"The next time the chaplain came round the ward, he told me how sorry he was.

'Don't say a word about it,' I said, 'for the terrible fright you gave me was the means of my salvation. I don't mind having the communion now.' But he did not care to talk with me."

Having heard his story, I said to him, "So you would like to come to the communion next Sunday?"

"Yes, sir," was his reply, "if you please."

"It is the Father's table for his children," I continued; "I am his servant, and shall rejoice to see you there. Where are you living now?"

"Oh," he replied, "I am with the same master still. I told his lordship the story about the dying, you know, and told him I was a changed man since then, and could not go out racing any more."

"No, no," he answered, "and I have done with that too. His lordship has been to church, sir, for two Sundays; and oh, I do pray for him. Will you pray for him, sir?"

Having previously noticed that this young man had a good voice for singing, I said to him, "Would you like to join the choir? I want living souls to sing there."

"Oh, yes, sir," he said, "I should like that very much, if you would let me come and practice a little."

My happy jockey friend from this time became a good and efficient help in the choir, and, more than that, he was a regular and consistent communicant. While I had the pleasure of ministering to him he remained an earnest worker for Christ; and I have not the least doubt he is still holding on his way. His interesting story and remarkable conversion won for him a ready hearing. He was a bold witness for the Master, and as happy as he was bold.—*The Christian.*

THE STORY OF OUR FIRST COTTAGE

BY DR. BARNARDO.

I shall never forget how I got the first cottage at Ilford. Would you like to know the story? I will tell it very briefly. I had felt that the work of massing a number of little girls together in Mossford Lodge was wrong. I resolved that, by God's help, I would close that house as a home for girls, and if we could not gather a family more in accordance with what I knew to be right principles, I would give up that phase of work altogether. However, in a very wonderful way the money to purchase the land on which to build separate cottages was sent to me. So I had the land, but as yet I had no cottages. I drew up a scheme of what I intended to do. it appeared in the pages of *The Christian*. Some weeks passed. I received from my oldest friends only letters of rebuke for the presumption, as they called it, of my scheme. I do not think I had, in response, one letter of sympathy or offer of help from anybody! I was very sad when I reflected upon this, as you may suppose.

Well, going down to certain meetings then about to be held at Oxford, one day I met at the railway station a Christian brother in a humble sphere of life, whom I knew as one of the godliest men it was ever my privilege to meet; a man of prayer, a man of faith, a man whose very face told you something of the peace of God which reigned within. We met on the platform, and he told me he was going to Oxford too. We talked together, up and down the platform, and then in the carriage when we got in. I had many burdens on my mind then, and was feeling sad and downcast about them. I suppose I showed my grief in the expression of my face, for he said to me, in a tone of very sincere sympathy, when we were in the railway carriage alone, "How is your work going on?" Then I told him all about my heavy burdens. We were alone. This man of God thought for a moment, and then he turned to me and said, "If God shows you that your proposed scheme is too large, and that you should give it up, are you prepared to give it up?" I thought for a moment, too. I thought if God's approval and blessing were not with me, it was better I did not succeed, from an earthly point of view. So I said, "Yes; I am quite prepared." He replied, after a moment's pause, "We are going down to Oxford for a special purpose—for spiritual refreshment. Let us here, in this carriage, alone, kneel down and commit your case to God, and let us ask him, if it be his will, to show you clearly, before you leave Oxford, whether you should go on or turn back."

We knelt down together in that carriage. We committed the case of the children to God. We rose up after prayer, lightened and refreshed. We soon reached our journey's end. I went to my hotel. My friend said, "Good-bye." He was stopping somewhere else, but he arranged to breakfast with me at the hotel at eight o'clock the next morning. Well, in the morning, while I was dressing, a man came to the door, and knocked. I thought it was the servant bringing up hot water. I said, "Come in." The door was opened just about wide enough for a man to put his head in. A head was thrust in, but so that I could hardly see who the owner of it was. His head was all dishevelled, and he was evidently not yet fully dressed. "Is your name Barnardo?" he asked. I said, "Yes." "You are thinking of building a village for little girls at Ilford, are you not? You want some cottages?" Well, I was scarcely able to answer him. But I said, "Yes—yes." He asked, "Have you got any?"—never coming in beyond putting his head through the door. I replied, "No—not yet." "Well," he cried, "put me down for the first cottage; good morning;" and away he went.

But as to putting him down, I did not know his name; I had not seen his face properly. I rushed down the corridor after him, and caught him. I said, "You must come back." I got him back into the room. He came into my room. What was the history of his gift? He had had a dear child, a daughter, whom he had lost some months before; and he had resolved in his mind to commemorate that daughter by rearing some institution, such as his means would enable him to do. He had heard of our work, and had determined to help us, but had hitherto done nothing. The appeal in *The Christian* came before him and his wife, and they said to each other, "This is what we will do; we can afford that amount; we will build one of these cottages for little destitute girls." He never sent me word of his intention, but down there at Oxford, whither I had gone after having specially asked God's guidance, the message came to me in that striking manner. In the morning, while he was dressing, he had asked the "boots," who were in the hotel—"Whom have you got there? Who has arrived lately?" The man replied, "I will get you the book and you can see." He went down and got him the book of arrivals. There was my name, and my number! On the spur of the moment, in his impulsive manner, he dashed away, without finishing his dressing, got to my room, just opened the door, and made his announcement in the fashion I have told you. I need not assure you we did not leave that bedroom without both prayer and praise!

I went presently down to the breakfast room. My poor-rich friend of the previous night was there by appointment. When I came up to him, I suppose he saw in my face an expression somewhat different from that of the former evening, and he just looked at me, and then quietly said, "'It shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'" And we together there and then gave God thanks for that wonderful answer to prayer.—*Night and Day.*

EDUCATIONAL APHORISMS.

"It is better for boys to see something than to say something." RUSKIN.

"It is better that a boy should like his lesson, than learn it."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

"Boys ought to learn what they should practise when they become men."

AGESILAUS (King of Sparta).

"Impressions received through the eye are the most definite and indelible."

PROF. JOSEPH HENRY.

"I regard science as the most powerful instrument of intellectual culture."

PROF. TYNDALL.

"Science properly taught is one of the best means of educating the faculties of the human mind." WM. RUSHTON.

THE REIGN OF REPTILES.

One summer about a dozen years ago, I was visiting Hartford, Connecticut. A number of peoplemeet together every summer in some part of the country to discuss questions of science, and to have a good time generally. In the morning there is the science and in the evening there is usually the fun.

One day during the Hartford meeting, the geologists and others paid a visit to a very wonderful place on the Connecticut River, near Middletown, called the Portland Quarries. Quantities of brown stone for house-building had been taken out and shipped to various places. This quarrying had been going on for about one hundred years.

In one place a broad, uneven floor had been left littered over with slabs of stone of various sizes. On the broken bits and on the floor were great numbers of the most wonderful footprints, as clear and distinct as if they had been made an hour before in wet earth. Some of the tracks were eight or ten inches in length, others were not more than four or five. The tracks looked like those of gigantic birds, and were called for many years "the bird tracks of the Connecticut Valley."

The sandstone quarry had once been the beach of a shallow sea. Over the sand which had been left wet by the receding

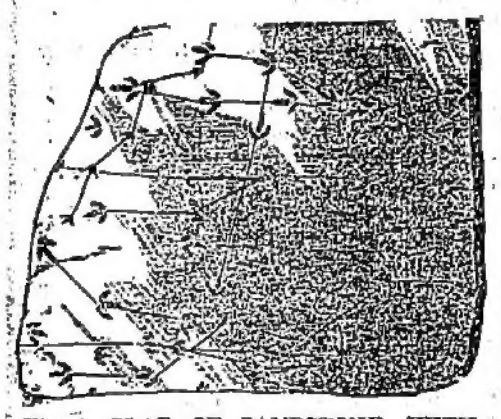

Fig. 1.—SLAB OF SANDSTONE, WITH TRACKS OF BIPEDS.
(From Winchell's Sketches of Creation.

water, myriads of strange creatures roamed in search of food. More than fifty different kinds of creatures have left a record of their presence on this shore, and there were probably hundreds upon hundreds of each kind. On this single slab of stone, six feet by eight, and dug from one of the quarries of the valley, are the tracks of six different creatures, inhabitants of that ancient world (Fig. 1).

Before the foot-prints had lost their distinctness, the next tide, rising and sweeping inland, carried a new supply of sand and spread it over the beach, covering the foot-prints and making a fresh, smooth surface for new ones. So layer after layer was formed, each holding the record left of their presence by the visitors of the day. Slowly the whole mass hardened into stone, keeping through thousands of years the marks impressed upon it when it was yielding sand.

The sandstone readily splits between any two layers. When an upper slab is turned over, the same footprint is found upon it as was upon the one below it, only the print is raised instead of being hollowed out, just as the sealing-wax on a letter shows the same figure raised upon it which was hollowed out on the seal that pressed it.

Fig. 3.—RAMPHORHYNCUS.
(From Winchell's Sketches of Creation.)

The markings so long considered to be bird tracks are now thought to have been made by a strange winged reptile with bird-like claws, whose bones have been found in the rocks of that time. It is not so singular as it may seem at first glance that such doubt exists. Reptiles and birds are nearer cousins than one would be apt to guess. They are really only two branches of one great division of the animal world.

Fig. 4.—IDEAL LANDSCAPE OF THE AGE OF REPTILES.
(From Winchell's Sketches of Creation).

Now, it it true, we find them very widely separated, but if we could see some of these old-time monsters it would puzzle us to tell whether they were birds or reptiles.

These tracks in the sandstone may have been made by a reptile-like bird, but more probably they were those of a bird-like reptile.

When a reptile is spoken of, the idea it suggests is a snake, as snakes are the commonest of the reptile class in our time and our country. There are, however, many creatures living on the earth now which are just as truly reptiles as snakes are; we may not see many of these creatures, but we often hear or read of them—crocodiles, and their American cousins alligators, turtles or tortoises, and lizards. These do not form a very important class in the animal kingdom now, but there was a time in the world's history when they were the rulers everywhere, in the air and the sea and the land. There were probably more in number and more in kind than the world has seen before and since, and besides this, they were enormously larger, more powerful, and more dangerous. Some of these creatures were sixty or seventy feet long, and many were as much as forty feet.

The reptiles that ruled in the air were utterly unlike anything we now see. Some of them were twenty feet from tip to tip of their outspread wings. One of them, you see (Fig. 2), has just thrown himself from a rock in pursuit of a dragon-fly, while his companion sits perched above him on the top of the bank.

Another of these singular creatures may be seen in Fig. 3, leaving behind it, as it walks, the prints of its bird-like claws and sharp tail and queer wings. The wings, you see, are nothing like a bird's wings; they are more like those of a bat, the skin being stretched to a bone of the forefoot from the side of the body.

The shores of the ancient seas were infested with other huge beings something like our alligators. In the landscape (Fig. 4) one of these may be seen, in the middle of the picture, crawling up on a rock, while the huge frog-like reptile is making his lumbering way down to the water, where he spent most of his time.

It was the ocean, however, in which most of the monsters of that time lived. The waters of its seas were lashed into fury by their sports and spoutings and battles to the death. Such a battle is shown in the picture (Fig. 5). The larger, to the left, must have been a terror to the watery world around him. Not content with devouring all the fish and lizards that came in his way, he also lived upon the young of his own kind, as the bones found in the stomach of a skeleton show.

The huge sea-lizard to the right in the same picture was a much less dangerous creature. It is possible that some of his cousins still exist in the ocean, and that they occasionally show themselves. There have been a great many stories of sea-serpents seen by many people and at various times. Most of these are undoubtedly sailors' yarns, and deserve no attention; but leaving these out of the question, there still remain some that we cannot refuse to credit—one of these, for instance, where five hundred people saw the creature again and again, and near enough to distinguish its eyes; and some of these witnesses were men whose evidence would have been taken in any court of justice in the land. Not very long ago a strange carcass was caught in the anchor of a sailing vessel and beached on the Florida coast. A storm washed it away before such drawings and measurements could be made as would have settled the question as to what it was.

The character of the forests, too, was changing all the while from what it had been in the coal-making period. The great club mosses with their carven stems, and the huge feathery-leaved reeds, were passing away. The ferns still grew in great profusion; both the low and creeping kinds and the tree-ferns filled the woods, but other trees and plants, like our evergreens and palms, took the place of vanishing kinds. These too made coal-beds, though not such vast ones as were stored away during the reign of plants.

It must be understood that the whole world, Europe and America and Australia, had each its history, when the reign of water and fire and ice, of plants and animals, followed each other very much in the same way, but not at the same time. Europe is an older country than America, and America is older than Australia, in other things besides those about which our written histories tell us. The animals and plants of America when it was first discovered were like those of Europe in a time much earlier. Australia had animals and plants that corresponded with an age still earlier than those of America. Some of the curious birds and animals of Australia help us to understand the meaning of the singular skeletons dug out of the rocks in European countries.

In the history of each country, after man came upon the earth, we see something like

Fig. 2.—THE PTERODACTYL.
(From Winchell's Sketches of Creation.)

this. When Rome was in its later days, England was full of barbarians; and England was an old country, in her turn, when America was still barbarous. Just as man's work in the world—his diggings and minings and quarryings—changes the order of nature in the layers of the earth, so his moving in and taking possession of the new countries changes the order of things there too, and interferes with the regular succession of creatures which would have followed, one kind succeeding another till all was complete.—*Sophie B. Herrick, in Harper's Young People.*

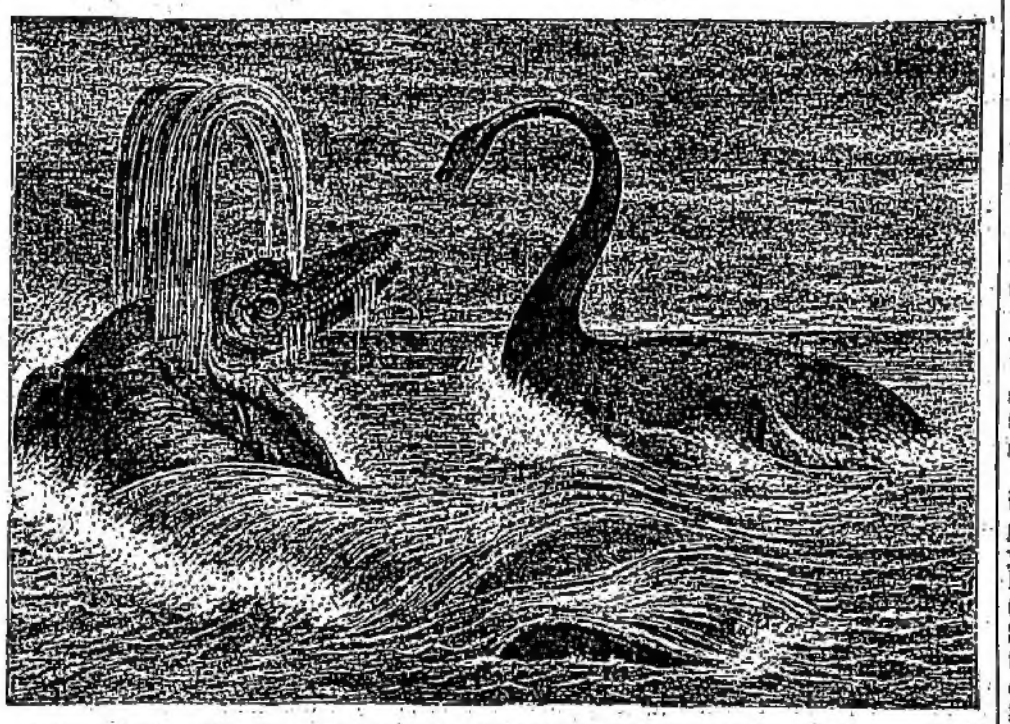

Fig. 5.—ICHTHYOSAURUS AND PLESIOSAURUS.
(From Winchell's Sketches of Creation.)

THE WAY GOD LOOKS AT SIN.

During last summer a Christian lady, who was visiting a seaside place, asked some little children to come to her every Lord's day afternoon to hear about the Lord Jesus.

One afternoon she wanted to tell them what God thought about sin, so she took a microscope, and gave them some very small print to look at through it.

They all exclaimed, "How large the letters seem, and when we look at them without the microscope they are so very small."

So then the lady told them, "That is the way God looks at sin."

You see, God thinks sin is very big, while you and I think it looks very small. We need to look at it through a microscope, as the little children did at the small print, to see how big it really is, though it looks so small to us.

Now, dear children, perhaps you think it is a very little thing to tell a story, or get out of temper, or be disobedient to your parents; but God does not think it a little thing. God thinks it so big that nothing but the blood of Jesus, His own dear Son, could wash it away; and God loved the world so much, and the dear little children too, that "He gave His only begotten Son" to die on the cross, so that his precious blood might wash away all their sins.—*Word and Work.*

ABOUT WASPS.

One day this summer, my little nephew brought me a couple of small and very pretty wasps' nests, which were deserted by the insects. Each nest consisted of a row of cells placed horizontally, and covered by a sort of shelter or umbrella to keep off the rain.

"What are the wasps good for?" asked the young man. "English youngsters of about your age find them very useful," I replied, "to supply them with pocket-money." The owners of fine gardens pay for every captured nest. The wasps are very destructive to various garden crops, especially to juicy fruits, such as plums, grapes, and others. The most troublesome wasps in that country build their nests in the ground. The boys having found a nest, lay siege to it. They attack the nest in various ways, the most effective being to pour some gas-tar into the opening of the nest. This makes the nest no longer habitable, for the insects cannot avoid smearing their wings with the tar, when they are

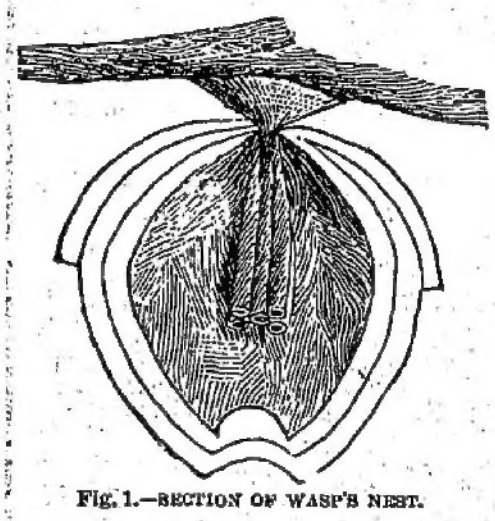

Fig. 1.—SECTION OF WASP'S NEST.

helpless and soon die. The nests are afterwards dug up and presented for count and pay, a shilling a nest being the former rate.

ARE WASPS OF ANY USE?

Of late, gardeners do not regard wasps as being an "unmixed evil" so much as they formerly did, and think that the many injurious insects of other kinds that they destroy more than an offset to the harm they do to the fruit. Like the bees, the wasps lay their eggs in a cell. This egg hatches and produces a larva, or grub; this larva cannot leave its cells to find its food, and must be fed. The grub of the bee is fed upon the pollen of flowers mixed with honey, but the young wasp requires "strong meat," and is fed upon the grubs of other insects, or upon the perfect insects, from which the mother wasp bites off the wings, legs, etc., before feeding it to her young. In due time, about thirteen or fourteen days, the young wasp has made its growth: it then spins a thin web, which closes the mouth of its cell, and in about ten days it comes out a winged insect. The old cell is cleaned out, another egg is laid, and the performance repeated again and again, to the end of the season. Though bees and wasps are closely related, they differ in many important respects.

HOW BEES AND WASPS DIFFER.

In their building material, the bees use wax, which is formed under the rings or scales of their bodies. Wasps build of a kind of paper which they make from exposed and partly decayed wood. They may be seen on old rails, fence posts, weather-worn boards, gathering the fibres, which they

Fig. 2.—WASP'S NEST COMPLETE.

pull off fibre by fibre, with their powerful jaws. They work it up with their saliva, and make it into paper of various degrees of fineness, according to its position in the nest.

PAPER FROM WOOD.

Making paper from wood pulp is one of the greatest modern inventions. Paper was formerly made of rags, but the demand for paper greatly exceeded the supply of rags, and it is not many years ago that poplar and other soft woods were ground up into pulp to take the place of rags, in all but the finer kinds of paper. Yet the wasps had been setting an example in doing this for untold centuries.

NEST BUILDING.

We very frequently see in the bright days of early spring, especially in the country, numerous wasps buzzing about the windows. These are female wasps which have passed the winter in a dormant state, and have now come out to find a place in which to build their nests and continue their kind. When a suitable place is found, as under the eaves of the house, or under the window frame, or other sheltered place, the nest is begun by a single female. An English observer, who does not give his name, describes in "Science Gossip" how a wasp began her work. As we have wasps in this country which build in much the same way, the illustrations will answer well enough to show the way in which ours begin their structures. The wasp, or queen, as this observer calls her, first attached to the frame of the window a very strong stem. From this stem suspended a comb of five cells of coarse thin paper, with their openings down. The next step was to build a shell or covering around the cells: beginning it at the stem and continuing it as in figure 1, which shows the nest in section. After this first cover was completed, she built another at a little distance from the first, and then a third, each with an opening below, to allow of a passage to the interior. As a finish, a fourth shell or cover was commenced and carried about half way down, as in figure 2. This served to keep all dry and warm within. Finally, one egg was laid in each of the five cells. When the eggs were hatched, the queen was kept busy in providing food for the grubs; as they grew she enlarged their cells, to give them room as required.

In some wasps, and in the hornet, which is a kind of wasp, the colonies are quite large. The nests contain several horizontal combs, the numerous cells in each with their mouths downward, the general routine of life in which is much the same as in the smaller nests. Some wasps make their nests of mud, plastered against walls, and some make burrows in the soil. The nests usually contain the females, or queens, the neuters or workers, which are undeveloped females, and the males. The females and workers are provided with stings, which are more painful than those of bees. The pain is stopped by applying a drop of water of ammonia.—*American Agriculturist.*

HOW THE LEAD GOT INTO THE PENCIL.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

I know a curious house with two doors. Into one door go cedar logs and barrels of graphite, and out of the other comes an endless procession of beautiful pencils, red and black, round and cornered, big and little, some with caps of ivory or rubber, and some with none.

It isn't a very long journey through that house, but it's a very busy one. Let us go in. The first room is the blackest you ever saw; it looks as if the whole thing had been dipped into ink, and if you touch the tip of your finger anywhere, you'll be marked. There are two long rows of big tanks in which graphite and clay are being washed and cleaned, and there are pans of blackness itself, and there is a large tub with a wheel running around in it. This persevering wheel is simply mixing together the two substances, for graphite alone is too soft to use; it must be joined with clay: the more clay the harder the pencil.

But there is an interesting thing going on even in this black hole. Out of a small machine comes all the time a soft black string, and falls on a board in a queer-looking pile. This is a press: into the top is poured the thick, tough paste that comes out of the mixing tub, and being squeezed more than it can bear, it is pushed out of a small square hole in the bottom. When the board is full of yards and yards of the tangled-looking stuff, it goes into the hands of a boy, who was white once—though you wouldn't think it, so covered are face and hands with the black of the leads he works with.

The business of this youth is to straighten the leads, and he does it by laying the soft string across a board three or four times as long as a pencil, pushing it up evenly against the raised edge, and cutting it off. Length after length he thus lays straight, and when the board is full it goes into a very hot room to dry.

Maybe you think the leads are now ready to take up their residence in their cedar houses; but they must go through another process, or they would crumble as fast as we sharpened the pencil. When dry, they are cut into pencil lengths, packed tightly into cases, and baked. Now they are ready to use.

While all this has been happening to the lead, a home has been prepared for it to live in. Pencil houses are made in blocks, like city houses, always six in a row. When the cedar comes into the room, it is in the shape of little boards, somewhat longer than a pencil, and as wide as six pencils side by side. Half of the boards are nearly as thick as a pencil, and the other half very thin—for roofs, as you will see. First the thicker boards go through a machine that ploughs six little square grooves in them, and now at last both cedar and lead are ready to be joined for life, to wear out in useful work together.

This happens in a most disagreeable room, strong with the odor of glue, and at the hands of sticky, dreadful-looking boys and girls. The first girl daubs one of the clean, sweet-smelling cedar boards with hot glue, and pushes it along to the next. This girl takes in one hand some leads, spreads them out like a fan, and presses six of them into the six little grooves, where they fit perfectly. Then she pushes it back to the first girl, who slaps on the roof in a second, before the glue has time to cool. Now it goes to a boy who packs it on top of a pile in an iron frame, where it is screwed down to prevent it from warping. After another rest in the drying-room, the ends are sawed off square, and they are ready to go down stairs.

They go by themselves; that is, they are placed one by one in the top of a case that reaches to the floor below, to the very jaws of a machine. As one of these blocks touches the bottom of the long case, a finger of steel comes up and pushes it forward, between two sets of small knives, and it comes out the other side cut into six nice round pencils.

They are now perfect for use, but they have to be smoothed to fit them for polite society. They are polished in a droll way. A man stands before an endless belt full of notches and feeds it, a pencil to a notch all the time. The belt is moving slowly along, and the next moment the pencil passes under four wooden hands with gloves of emery, which polish it off as if they liked the fun, while the pencils rattle but cannot get away, and in a second or two drop, all warm and shining, into a basket below.

If one were satisfied with plain cedar pencils, they would now be done; but fashion says they must be black or red. So into big barrels go thousands at a time, together with the red or black coloring matter that is to paint them. There the steam-power shakes them back and forth, and over and over, with a great rattle and clatter, till every pencil has its colored coat.

Now comes the last machine, and in the factory I speak of, near New York, it is a marvellous affair. At the beginning is a box full of pencils, which drop one at a time on the bed of the machine. From here it is instantly pushed through a cup of varnish, and comes out wet on the other side. At once it falls on to an endless open belt, which carries it slowly through a hot-air box that dries it on the way. At one point each pencil is registered, and when ten gross have gone through, something drops that strikes a bell and stops the machine. A man comes, takes away the ten gross, and starts up the machine again.

The gilt lettering and putting into packages of one dozen are at present done by hand, but I dare say by the time you are grown up, a machine will be contrived to do the whole thing itself.—*Christian Union.*

WHAT NOT TO SAY?

Careless habits of speech are among the prominent faults of our young people, even those young people who have advantages of schools and intelligent home surroundings. Recognizing this the professor of English literature at Wellesley College has prepared a list of "words, phrases and expressions to be avoided," from which the young (and old) readers will receive many serviceable hints:

Guess, for suppose or think.

Fix, for arrange or prepare.

Ride and drive, interchangeably (Americanism).

Real as an adverb, in expressions real good, for really or very good, etc.

Some or any, in an adverbial sense; *e.g.*, "I have studied some," for somewhat. "I have not studied any," for at all.

Some ten days, for about ten days.

Not as I know, for not that I know.

Storms, for it rains or snows moderately.

Try an experiment, for make an experiment.

Singular subject with contracted plural verb; *e. g.*, "She don't skate well."

Plural pronoun with singular antecedent; "Every man or woman should do their duty"; or, "If you look any one straight in the face, they will flinch."

Expect, for suspect.

First-rate, as an adverb.

Nice, indiscriminately. (Real nice may be doubly faulty.)

Had rather, for would rather.

Had better, for would better.

Right away, for immediately.

Party, for person.

Promise, for assure.

Posted, for informed.

Post-graduate, for graduate.

Depot, for station.

Stopping, for staying.

Try and do, for try to do.

Try and go, for try to go.

Cunning, for small, dainty.

Cute, for acute.

Funny, for odd or unusual.

Above, for foregoing, more than or beyond.

Does it look good enough, for well enough.

Somebody else's, for somebody's else.

Like I do, for as I do.

Not as good as, for not so good as.

Feel badly, for feel bad.

Feel good, for feel well.

Between seven, for among seven.

Seldom or ever, for seldom if ever, or seldom or never.

Taste and smell of, when used transitively. Illustration: We taste a dish which tastes of pepper.

More than you think for, for more than you think.

These kind, for this kind.

Nicely, in response to an inquiry for health.

Healthy, for wholesome.

Just as soon, for just as lief.

Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.

The matter of, for the matter with.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

THE OLD DECANTER.

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping
wide; the rosy wine had
ebbed away and left its
crystal side; and the
wind went humming,
humming, up and down
the sides it flew, and
through its reed-like hollow
neck the wildest notes
it blew. I placed it in
the window where the
blast was blowing free, and
fancied that its pale
mouth sang the queer-
est strains to me. "They
tell me—puny conquerors!
the Plague has slain his ten,
and War his hundred thou-
sand of the very best of men;
but I,"—'twas thus the bottle spake
—"but I have conquered more than all
your famous conquerors so feared and famed of
yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens all come
drink from out my cup the beverage that dulls the
brains and burns the spirits up; that puts to
shame your conquerors that slays their scores
below, for this has deluged millions with the
lava tide of woe. Though in the path of battle
darkest waves of blood may roll; yet
while they killed the body, I have
damned the very soul. The
cholera, the plagues, the sword, such
ruin never wrought as I, in mirth or
malice, on the innocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them, and they
shrink before my breath; and year by year
my thousands tread the dismal road of DEATH."

—*Selected.*

BLIND AND DEAF.

Our young readers—and older ones too—will be sure to be interested in this picture and letter. It is the picture of little blind Helen Keller and her teacher, also blind; and the letter is a reproduction of one that the little girl wrote.

Helen Keller is the daughter of cultured and well-to-do parents, and was born in Alabama on June, 27, 1880. When about nineteen months old, she was attacked violently with congestion of the stomach; and to the effects of this disease are referred her total loss of sight and hearing. Previously she is said to have been of per-

Dear Mr. Bell,
I am glad to write you a letter Father will send you picture. I and Father and aunt did go to see you in Washington. I did play with your watch. I do love you. I saw doctor in Washington. He looked at my eyes. I can read stories in my book. I can write and spell and count. good girl. My sister can walk and run. We do have fun w th Jumbo. Prince is not good dog. He can not get birds. Rat did kill baby pigeons. I am sorry. Rat does not know wrong. I and mother and teacher will go to Boston in June. I will see little blind girls. Nancy will go with me. She is a good doll. Father will buy me lovely new watch. Cousin Anna gave me a pretty doll. Her name is Allie. Good. by
Helen Keller

fect health, and unusually bright and active. She had learned to walk, and was fast learning to talk. The loss of her senses thus took place about seven months earlier than in the case of Laura Bridgman, though Helen seems to have been as much if not more developed at nineteen months than was the latter at twenty-six months. In both cases a slow recovery was made, and a painful inflammation of the eyes set in. It is recorded of Helen that she "soon ceased to talk, because she had ceased to hear any sound."

As her strength returned, she gave ample evidence of the soundness of her mental faculties. She learned to distinguish the different members of her family and friends by feeling their features, and took an especial interest in the affairs of the household. The little hands were constantly busy in feeling objects and detecting the movements of those about her. She began to imitate these motions, and thus learned to express her wants and meaning by signs, to a remarkable degree. Just before completing her seventh year, a skilled teacher from the Perkins Institute—Miss Sullivan—was engaged for her. At this age Helen is described as a "bright, active, well-grown girl," quick and graceful in her movements, having fortunately not acquired any of those nervous habits so common among the blind. She has a merry laugh, and is fond of romping with other children. Indeed, she is never sad, but has the gayity which belongs to her age and temperament. When alone she is restless, and always flits from place to place as if searching for something or somebody. Her sense of touch is developed to an unusual degree, and enables her to recognize her associates upon the

HELEN KELLER AND HER TEACHER, MISS ANNIE SULLIVAN.

slightest contact. Her sense of smell is very acute, enabling her to separate her own clothes from those of others; and her sense of taste is equally sound. In this respect she has an advantage over Laura Bridgman, in whom both these senses were reduced almost to extinction. She speedily learned to be neat and orderly about her person, and correct in her deportment.

The first lesson is an interesting epoch. A doll had been sent to Helen from Boston; and when she had made a satisfactory examination of it, and was sitting quietly holding it, Miss Sullivan took Helen's hand and passed it over the doll; she then made the letters d-o-l-l in the finger alphabet while Helen held her hand. "I began to make the letters a second time. She immediately dropped the doll, and followed the motions of my fingers with one hand, while she repeated the letters with the other. She next tried to spell the word without assistance, though rather awkwardly. She did not give the double l, and so I spelled the word once more, laying stress on the repeated letter. She then spelled 'doll' correctly. This process was repeated with other words, and Helen soon learned six words,—'doll,' 'hat,' 'mug,' 'pin,' 'cup,' 'ball.' When given one of these objects, she would spell its name, but it was more than a week before she understood that all things were thus identified. In a surprisingly short time Helen completely mastered the notion that objects had names, and that the finger alphabet opened up to her a rich avenue of knowledge. Everything had to be named, and she seemed to remember difficult combinations of letters, such as 'heliotrope' and 'chrysanthemum,' quite as readily as shorter words. In less than two months she learned three hundred words, and in about four months she had acquired six hundred and twenty-five words,—a truly remarkable achievement.

She still used her gesture signs; but, as her knowledge of words increased, the former fell into disuse. Next, verbs were taught her, beginning with such as Helen herself could act, as 'sit,' 'stand,' 'shut,' 'open,' etc. Prepositions were similarly mastered, Helen was placed in the wardrobe, and the sentence spelled out to her. 'Box is on table,' 'Mildred is in crib,' are sentences which she constructed after a little more than a month's instruction. Adjectives were skilfully introduced by an object lesson upon a large, soft, worsted ball and a bullet. Helen felt the difference in size at once. Taking the bullet, she made her habitual sign for 'small;' that is, by pinching a little bit of the skin of one hand. Then she took the other ball, and made her sign for 'large' by spreading both hands over it. I substituted the adjectives 'large' and 'small' for these signs. Then her attention was called to the hardness of the one ball, and the softness of the other; and so she learned 'soft' and 'hard.' A few minutes afterwards she felt her little sister's head, and said to her mother, 'Mildred's head is small and hard.' Even so arbitrary elements of language as the auxiliary 'will' and the conjunction 'and' were learned before two months of instruction had passed, and on May 1st she formed the sentence, "Give Helen key, and Helen will open door."

From this the step to reading the raised type of the blind was an easy one. "Incredible as it may seem, she learned all the letters, both capital and small, in one day. Next I turned to the first page of the 'Primer,' and made her touch the word 'cat,' spelling it on my fingers at the same time. Instantly she caught the idea, and asked me to find 'dog,' and many other words. Indeed, she was much displeased because I could not find her name in the book." She soon added writing to her accomplishments, and carefully formed the letters upon the grooved boards used by the blind. On the 12th of July she wrote her first letter, beginning thus: "Helen will write mother letter papa did give helen medicine mildred will sit in swing mildred will kiss Helen teacher did give helen peach," etc. This well justifies the statement that she acquired more in four months than did Laura Bridgman in two years. Letter-writing is quite a passion with her, and, as she is also able to write by the Braille system, she has the pleasure of being able to read what she has written. Her progress in arithmetic is equally remarkable, going through such exercises as "fifteen threes make forty-five," etc. As examples of her powers of inference, the following will do service: she asked her teacher, "What is Helen made of?" and was answered, "Flesh and blood and bone." When asked what her dog was made of, she answered after a moment's pause, "Flesh and bone and blood." When asked the same question about her doll, she was puzzled, but at last answered slowly, "Straw." That some of her inferences are not equally happy, the following illustrates: "on being told that she was white, and that one of the servants was black, she concluded that all who occupied a similar menial position were of the same hue; and whenever I ask her the color of a servant, she would say, 'black.' When asked the color of some one whose occupation she did not know, she seemed bewildered, and finally said, 'blue-'" Her memory is remarkably retentive, and her powers of imitation unusually developed. One of her favorite occupations is to dress herself up, a performance which she accomplishes not always with success according to our ideas. Her progress continues, and each letter is a marked improvement upon its predecessors.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE FELT DRUGGET.

A lady I know relates the following incident, which, I am sure, will prove to many how our Father knows all our needs, and will definitely answer prayer for definite needs. I will try to tell the story in her own words.

"That drugget has many times strengthened my faith. I say to myself, God gave me that in answer to prayer—'The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want.' My dear friend, I prayed for that drugget, and it came; it came most unexpectedly, and yet expectedly. Ours was in rags, worn to shreds; so John and I managed to cover the space by putting an old green table-cloth on the floor under the table, together with sundry pieces of old carpet, and over them all we spread and nailed down tightly a clean washed damask crumb-cloth, which looked as if we only wanted to preserve the velvet pile carpet. We had only two strips of that—one on each side of the room. Nevertheless I felt the linen crumb-cloth very chilling that bitter winter, and I feared my dear John would suffer in consequence; so I prayed and prayed that God would be pleased to send us a new drugget by Christmas."

"Did he?

"Listen, dear, it was so remarkable that I never see that drugget without thanking him, although so long since is it, that now the last bit is in the scullery. Christmas Eve came; eight o'clock, nine, ten, and eleven o'clock struck, but no carpet. John took his candle and went to bed. I waited for Tom. Tom came in at last.

"'Have you got your present yet?' said he.

"'No, but I am waiting for the van to bring it; I'm quite expecting that present this Christmas Eve.'

"I didn't say what, but at twenty minutes past eleven a van drove up, a huge parcel was delivered, and that parcel contained a good, handsome felt drugget. John was so surprised on Christmas morning, he couldn't believe his eyes; for Tom and I had nailed down the drugget before we went to bed, so delighted were we at our Christmas Eve present; and I, oh, my dear, you can fancy what I felt, so full of praise! I had no idea who sent the carpet. I took it straight from God."—*Emily P. Leakey.*

THE BOYS' ROOM.

"I like the plan of your new house very much, my son," said old Mrs. Lane to "David," whose prosperity was showing itself by a change of homes. "But where is the boys' room?"

"That is what I have asked him many times," said the meek little mother of "the boys."

"Well," replied David Lane, as indifferently as if he were speaking of a kennel for his dog, "you can poke boys away anywhere! I can't afford to finish off a nice room for two great romping, tearing fellows! Why, mother, when I was a boy I slept in a great unfinished garret, and I've often got up in the night and hammered a shingle over a hole to keep the rain off my bed."

"Yes, David; but we were very poor then, and your boys would sleep in a garret and nail shingles over holes, too, if it were necessary; but God prospered your father after that, and He has prospered you, and the boys ought to share the blessing. Where do you mean to put them, David?" persisted the old lady.

"Well, in the chamber of the short L. The ceiling is low, and the half-windows come down to the floor, but they don't care. If they had a palace of a chamber, they wouldn't stay at home evenings," and David Lane took up his hat, and went out.

Morton and Willis Lane, two great boys of fourteen and sixteen years, were brimming over with life and fun. They played ball, rowed boats, practised gymnastics, scraped on violins, blew horns, whistled, sang and shouted, and thus relieved, as by safety valves, their surplus animal spirit.

This did very well by day; but when night came, or storms raged, they were like caged eagles. If they went into the sitting-room, they were forced to sit still lest they should disturb their father, who was always closing up his day's accounts there. If they went into the kitchen, they were sure to give offence to old Betty by leaving foot-prints on her well-scoured floor. If they drummed on the piano in the parlor, they disturbed their sister's study, or made somebody's head ache. So they too often took up their hats after tea, and went off to sit on a fence with other boys, or to rove about town, whistling and singing and shouting.

These boys were in a fair way to be ruined for want of a cheerful home-shelter, and they would have been but for one blessing—they had a grandmother who thought their comfort and enjoyment of more importance than that of an occasional visitor of their sister's, or a bevy of country cousins who came there twice a year to do shopping, and thus saved a hotel bill. This good grandma had a little money, and half-a-dozen homes; so she was not afraid to express her opinion on this subject, now that she had come to them for a long visit. The new house was being discussed again one evening, and her opinion was asked upon some matter.

"David," she said to her son, "who is that large chamber for, with the bay-window and two mantel-pieces?"

"For company, mother," was the reply.

"What company! I didn't know you expected any," said the shrewd old lady.

"Oh, for any one who happens along. By-and-by Emma will leave school, and have company, you know. James' wife and Cousin Hepsy come down twice a year to shop, and always stop here a night or two."

"But your own boys come here to sleep three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year, and have a thousand times the claim on you that any 'company' has."

"Yes?"

"What arrangements have you made for them?"

And the father repeated the remark he had made to his easy wife so often, that "boys didn't care, and that they could cuddle down and sleep anywhere."

"But these boys must not sleep anywhere after the new house is done. Unless you divide that long square chamber into two moderate sized ones, and give one to them, I shall settle them in the room you have planned for me; and make my home with Catherine. She has plenty of room, and is always urging me to come to her. I will not crowd your sons out of a room."

David Lane loved his mother, so the result was that the long "spare chamber" was finished so as to meet the wants of the boys.

Two happier boys never lived than these two when the time came for furnishing and ornamenting that room? Grandma took the matter into her own hands, and said they should have everything to their mind, as long as they kept within bounds.

"Now, what do you want in your room?" she asked, when the house was nearly done.

"In the first place, we don't want a carpet, because somebody would be always telling us not to kick holes in it. We don't want black walnut furniture, nor a big looking-glass, nor china vases, nor anything grand that scratches, or tears, or breaks," Morton said.

"Well, say what you do want, then," said their grandmother.

"Well, grandma, we want an oiled floor and two of your great-braided mats; and an open fire-place with your brass andirons from the garret; and a big hearth, where we can pop corn and roast nuts; and we want bright wall-paper, with pictures of the country: and two little iron bedsteads with blue spreads; four chairs, painted blue; a glass-case for our stuffed birds; shelves for our books; and lots of hooks to hang our bows and arrows, violin, French horn, boxing-gloves, bats, and Indian clubs on. These, with the old sitting-room lounge and the old easy-chairs, will make us the most comfortable boys in the world."

"I'll go with you to-morrow to buy all you want new, and it shall be a present from me to you," said the dear old lady.

"Grandma, dear," said Willis, "we don't want a single new thing! Let us have the old things that nobody else wants; and then we'll feel easy,—besides, I like the home-things better than new store-things. Let us have what father was going to send off to auction."

"That is a good thought, dear boy," said the grandmother, "and a week from to-day we will begin to fashion this 'boys' paradise.'"

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No one now complains of the Lane boys for hooting from the top of stone-walls, or howling about the streets by night; and their mother says their music and their company do not disturb her half as much as the anxiety as to where they were by night used to do.—*Youth's Companion.*

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Question Corner.—No. 19.

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